In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, goe you to her ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her here of my sonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on wendsday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Paris. Monday, my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha, ha, well wendsday is too soone,
A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her,
Shee shall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? doe you like this haste?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tibalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.

Capu. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Goe you to *Iuliet* ere you goe to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell, my Lord, light to my chamber, ho,
Afore me, it is so very late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly shee sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the morne,
No Nightingale; looke loue what enuious streakes
Doe lace the seuering clouds in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond day
Stands tip-toe on the mistie Mountaynes tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not day light, I know it I:

It

It is some Meteor that the Su
To be to thee this night a To
And light thee on thy way to
Therefore stay yet, thou need

Ro. Let me be tane, let m
I am content, so thou wilt ha
Ile say you gray is not the mo
'Tis but the pale reflexe of C
Nor that is not the Larke wh
The vaulty heauen so high ab
I haue more care to stay then
Come death and welcome, J
How ist my soule, lets talke, i

Iu. It is, it is, hie hence b
It is the Larke that sings so
Strayning harsh Discords, an
Some say the Larke makes sw
This doth not so: for she deui
Some say the Larke and lothe
O now I would they had cha
Since arme from arme that vo
Hunting thee hence, with Hu
O now be gone, more light a

Romeo. More light and lig
our woes.

Enter Mad

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother i
The day is broke, be wary, loo

Iu. Then window let day i

Ro. Farewell, farewell, one

Iu. Art thou gone so Loue, L
I must heare from thee euery da
For in a minute there are many
O by this count I shall be much
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34